

VATICAN MYSTERY.

**Fisherman's Ring Said to Have
Been Lost or Stolen.**

**Symbol of Papal Authority Which
Has Been Worn by Pontiffs for
Hundreds of Years—Lost
Twice Before.**

The celebrated fisherman's ring, symbol of papal authority, has disappeared. Authorities at the Vatican have said they expect to find it. The ring was recently occupied by him, but he is reported to have lost it. The authorities say Leo hid the ring when the cardinal camerlengo carried the death of a pope. He receives the ring of the fisherman from the camerlengo of his holiness. It is destroyed in the presence of all cardinals at the first meeting of the sacred college held after the pope's death.

But when Cardinal Oreglia, the present camerlengo, had certified to the death of Leo XIII. Mgr. Bisletti, a prelate of the deepest despair and grief, admitted that the ring had disappeared. Cardinal Oreglia, who had the custom, brought his declaration of having received the ring from the camerlengo, all written out, and put it back in his pocket. The fisherman's ring is known to have been lost twice before.

Among the state papers preserved in Simancas, near Valladolid, Spain, a letter from Count Olivares, then Spanish ambassador at Rome, to Philip II., dated September 5, 1588, says: "Sixtus V. has been very ill from anxiety and vexation. The vexation which I refer to is missing the fisherman's ring. He carried it with

letters sealed with the ring. In 1448 Gaetano Cenni wrote a treatise on the ring and published it in Rome. The custom of destroying the seal of the pope immediately after his death is of considerable antiquity. Each pope has had his own ring and seal. The illustration shows that used by Pope Leo XIII. It was of plain gold, weighing one and one-half ounces, and had an oval plate, with a very shallow representation of the subject.

**Cannot Trust the Negroes of the South
Rev. C. F. Rhodes Says Whites Can-
not Be Blamed for Lynching.**

From the New York Post Standard.

"I would no more trust my daughter in the dark with Negroes in the South than I would think of burning her with hot irons."

"Such was the strong statement made in the Central Baptist church last night by Rev. C. F. Rhodes of New York. His sermon dealt with the negro race from the time of the flood until the present, and it was listened to by a large and interested audience. He also said among other things:

"Servitude is the characteristic foretold by God for the African nation. The African race are the servants of the people of other nations. Egypt and Africa were the only nations that existed after the flood and as a consequence they had no traditions. It is strange that Egypt with all its science and learning should never have developed Africa. A barrier of sand merely divided them and it seemed to say, thus far and no further."

ALWAYS IN SERVITUDE

"Go as far back in history as you please and you will find the African in a state of servitude. They were servants to the children of Shem and Japheth. The stream of servitude flows out from Africa to all other nations. This seems to be characteristic of the African, and when it has worked itself into its place in the economy of God, the Negro may turn out to be the jewel in the crown of the church."

"There is not a race on the face of the earth that would have submitted to the servitude as has the negro. America has replenished the ranks of servitude from Africa for hundreds of years. What return do we give them but hatred, bloodshed and slavery? Do we wonder that Africa should hate the whole world? We bought and sold them like cattle, and bred and reared them for sale. We have interpreted God's words in regard to the race to our own manner in order to save our conscience. Our treatment of them has been cruel and unjust."

When we freed 4,000,000 of them we left them without anything. They had to build on nothing. What could be expected from the whites of the south, when this wholesome freedom made them former slaves their equals. That act only made the chains of race hatred more threatening."

STILL HAS MADE PROGRESS.

"Still the negro has made great strides, despite the disadvantages under which he labored when he was freed. He had to fight the opposition of the white in the south, he had to build his own church and school, but he has made him the better Christian for so doing. The great mass of negroes in the south are at the present made to suffer for the deeds of human brutes the lowest kind of negroes who are the progeny of miscegenation among the lowest kinds of whites and blacks. It is this element in the South that is feared by the white people and if you knew them and saw them as I have, you would not blame the whites for their lynchings."

OUR LONDON LETTER.

**Brief History of London. Things of
Interest. Poets. The Tower of London.
House of Parliament. Museum.
Courts. Royal Buildings and Resi-
dences. Baptist Ministers' Union.**

London, England,
July 28, 1903.

Editor of the Bee:

Begin to submit my promise before leaving the United States, that is, that after I had reached Europe and had travelled through a greater part of the Old World, I would send you some history of the country. Since here, I have travelled through England, France, Germany and Russia, but at this writing, I will take pleasure in giving you a brief history of London, and of other cities in London.

I sailed from New York June 22nd, on Steamer Minotaur, and after seven days at sea she made safe port at Tilbury, England. From that place I took passage into London. I remained in London two days and left for Queenstown and Dublin, leaving Dublin July 4th for Liverpool. Left Liverpool the night of July fourth for London. On July 6th to July 10th, England and all her nobility seemed to be on their best gown to welcome the President of France, who was an invited guest through King Edward. The streets of London were crowded with spectators and many thousands of strangers from other countries were in London by the order of His Majesty, King Edward. The President Loubet had the honour to be escorted round the streets by 100,000 Royal Military Guards.

The first of the Royal Family to pass in front of the procession was Prince Albert Edward of Wales, son of King Edward. Just behind was King Edward with President Loubet; their chariot was drawn by sixteen white horses. The parade passed through Holborn Viaduct out of Kings Cross Road, and in front of the British Museum. The President Loubet was ban-

queted by the Royal family at the Hotel Royal, and only those who had a royal pass were permitted to enter the premises.

A LITTLE HISTORY OF LONDON.

London, the Metropolis of Great Britain, is a seaport situated on the River Thames about 40 miles westward from the sea. It is the seat of a huge government and the chief residence of the English Monarchs. It is bounded on the North by Hertfordshire, Bedfordshire and Perinshire; on the West by Marlborough Downs, and on the South by Surrey and Kent and the English Canal. On the East by many other cities.

The City proper, which is the country in itself, returns two members of Parliament. It is governed by a Corporation consisting of the Lord Mayor and 26 Aldermen, and has two Sheriffs. The population of London is 9,000,000.

THINGS OF INTEREST IN LONDON.

The Churches of London are Saint Paul's Cathedral, Westminster Abbey, Saint Margaret's, Westminster, Saint Nicholas, Saint Mary's Temple Church, Saviour's Cathedral, and the Roman Catholic Chapel.

Westminster Abbey stands nearly opposite the House of Parliament and is without a doubt the most interesting among the many places in the Me-

ROYAL BUILDING AND RESIDENCE.

The Buckingham Palace is the town residence of His Majesty, King Edward. From there the Royal Processions on all occasions start. It was commenced by George the Fourth and finished by William the Fourth, and occupied for the first time by Victoria. The interior of this building is magnificently decorated and contains a collection of very fine pictures, the works of Rembrandt, Rubens, and other great masters. The principal state apartments are the Green Drawing Room, the Throne Room, the Picture Gallery, the Grand Salon, the Yellow Drawing Room and the State Dining Room. Court Balls, Drawing Rooms and Con-

mon Pleas Court and Chancery Court

of the Kingdom. You will find in this Court men of every tongue and shade, and leading as Barrister at one Law, you will find the black man of Africa, the West Indian Islands men, and you will also find a brotherly relation between the two gentlemen—the white and black man. There is not any antipathy existing or shown as exists in our country and before our courts. Every man is a man in England. Be his lips thin and black, or if he is white as snow, the English laws recognize him as a man and gentleman until he is found otherwise.

Candidate of the Young Members of the Bar for the Police Court Judgeship.

It was founded about A. D. 1636 by King Edward, enlarged by King Edward the Confessor and rebuilt by Edward the Third and Edward the First. My pen cannot possibly do adequate justice to the glory of this most noble building, its magnificent architecture or its historic association. I will only try to awaken your memory to some of the great events which have occurred within its walls both in ancient and modern times. Here Kings and Queens of England from Edward the Confessor to Edward the Seventh have been crowned and many of them have found there, their last resting place. Here several of England's most eminent men have been interred and their monuments scattered throughout the kingdom.

POETS.

Some of the Poets Statues within the building are: Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Gay, Addison, Longfellow, and the great novelist, Charles Dickens.

THE TOWER OF LONDON.

The Tower of London is among the most notable of English historic buildings. It stands on the left bank of the Thames and dates as far back as the time of Julius Caesar. On entering this Tower on Monday and Saturday one would have to pass through the old gate known as "The Lion's Gate."

THE HOUSE OF PARLIAMENT.

The House of Parliament forms a magnificent structure and the Monument of England's wealth, occupying the site of the former building destroyed in 1834. This building was erected at a cost of 3,000,000 pound sterling. It covers an area of 8 acres, has 100 stairways, 1,100 apartments and 2 miles of corridors. The Chamber in which the debates are carried on can be visited on Saturday by order to be obtained at the Lord Chamberlain's office. I find that the Lord Chamberlain is a man easy to be reached by an American. He is an ideal man and much loved by the English people and he is today advocating our McKinley system of Government, tariff for Great Britain.

BRITISH MUSEUM.

The British Museum stands on a beautiful site formerly occupied by Old England as Montague House. It is situated in Great Russell Street; it was built in 1823 and it is one of the most important structures of the kind in the world. Parliament gave 20,000,000 pounds sterling to Mr. Hans Sloane to collect valuable curiosities and works of art to be placed within the building. The contents of the building are arranged under seven sections. Printed books, maps and plans, antiquities, ethnography, Greek and Roman antiquities, coins and medals. The Museum is open daily.

LAW COURTS AND INNS OF COURTS.

The Royal Court of Justice is situated on the North side of East Strand. It comprises one immense building, which cost about 1/4 of a million. From this building you can hear trials beginning from the Justice to the Com-

mons Pleas Court and Chancery Court of the Kingdom. You will find in this Court men of every tongue and shade, and leading as Barrister at one Law, you will find the black man of Africa, the West Indian Islands men, and you will also find a brotherly relation between the two gentlemen—the white and black man. There is not any antipathy existing or shown as exists in our country and before our courts. Every man is a man in England. Be his lips thin and black, or if he is white as snow, the English laws recognize him as a man and gentleman until he is found otherwise.

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ARRESTED FOR LIBEL.

Editor Cooper's Charges a Fellow Journalist and Lawyer as being a Petty Flogger. His case Postponed to allow him to Apologize and retract.

Editor E. E. Cooper of the Colored American was arrested on a charge of libel last Saturday evening. He charged assistant prosecuting attorney Barnett and formerly editor of the Chicago Conservator as being a petty flogger. Attorney Barnett had a consultation with U.S. attorney Mulhoney concerning the alleged libelous article, who advised him to await out a warrant against Manager Cooper. Before attorney Barnett swore out the warrant he demanded a retraction from Mr. Cooper, who declined. The case was called for trial Tuesday morning in the police court, but Manager Cooper, through his counsel Mr. Hoover said that he was not ready for trial.

It is understood, although Mr. Cooper declared that he would not publish a public retraction and apology, it is his intention to do so now. Attorney Barnett is determined to be vindicated if a public apology and retraction are not forth with made. Mr. Barnett is assistant prosecuting attorney of Chicago and a man of national character. He is the husband of Mrs. B. Wells Barnett, who has made such a fight for civil and political rights of the negro. Mr. Barnett was also manager of the colored department of the presidential campaign of the late President McKinley. He stands well in his state and is well known among the editors of this country white and colored.

NO COLORED PHYSICIAN PASS- ED

**Another Examination Ordered—Another Failure Means White Physicians
for Colored Schools.**

The District Commissioners have received a report from the United States Civil Service Commission showing the results of the examinations recently held to determine the qualifications of applicants for appointments as medical inspectors of public schools and physicians to the poor. The passing mark was 75. Twenty-two physicians were examined for appointments as medical inspectors of public schools. Of these six passed as follows:

Wilfred M. Barton, Thomas A. Groover, Wallace Johnson, Francis P. Morgan, John B. Nicols and John D. Thomas.

Eleven physicians were examined for appointments as physicians to the poor of whom the following were successful: Truman Abbe, Richard S. Blackburn, John P. Guntton, Elliot C. Prentiss, Albert Ridgely, and Joseph P. Rogers.

The law requires that four of the appointees to the medical inspectorships shall be colored, and it is desired by the Commissioners that at least one of the twelve inspectors to be appointed be a woman. In view of the fact that no colored physician and no woman physician passed, the Health officer has recommended that the Civil Service Commission be asked to hold another examination. This examination will be not only for the purpose of securing colored and women physicians, but also for the purpose of establishing a register of eligibles for use in connection with other appointments during the coming year if necessary.

THE OPPOSITION WAS GREAT.

From the Denver Statesman.

Editor Fortune of the New York Age has enjoyed the reputation of being a journalist of considerable capacity. Therefore it is difficult to understand how he condescends to notice the disturbing element which appeared in the Afro-American council unless they were of more weight than he would have believed. Thirteen inch seige guns are not the weapons used to kill gnats. Why not acknowledge that the opposition to resolution factories is increasing. It is a plain statement of fact that many men white and black are opposed to Booker T. Washington's policy of conciliation, claiming that there is no ground for compromise between right and wrong. Editor Fortune will in no wise detract from Washington or the council to give proper credit to those opposing the policies of both.

Principal Conventions to be held in Various Portions of the United States for which Special Rates will be in Effect via Baltimore & Ohio Railroad.

Atlantic City, N. J.—Special Low Rate Excursions June 25th, July 9th and 23rd, August 6th and 20th, and September 3rd.

Baltimore, Md.—Seventy-Ninth Annual Session of the Sovereign Grand Lodge, I. O. O. F., September 21-26. Tickets on sale September 15th, 20th and 21st, good returning until September 28th, inclusive.

San Francisco, Cal.—Grand Army of the Republic, August 17-22. Tickets on sale August 4th to 13th, good return until October 15th.

What He Saw in Texas—A Warning that He Heeded—Crow for Break- fast.

When it was announced that Col. Carson would leave the city and his friends for Mexico for his health he

THE AMBULANCE CAR

**Useful New Feature in German
Railway Equipment.**

**Weeks Along Any Part of Govern-
ment Lines Can Be Reached in
45 Minutes—Relief Trains
at 77 Stations.**

There may be more luxurious and faster trains in the United States, but Germany leads the American railways in one particular—a perfect ambulance system, by which quick relief can be afforded to the injured in disasters on the rail.

In a report submitted by the minister of public works it is shown that the organization of the ambulance service, established upon the recommendation of Emperor William on all German governmental railroad lines, has been completed. Relief trains are now in instant readiness at 77 stations, so situated that any place where a serious accident may occur can be reached by an ambulance train within 45 minutes. They possess the highest speed possible and have the right of way along every line.

The trains consist of a physician's car, a wrecking car of the type that has been in use for many years, and coaches for the transportation of assistants and the accommodation of the wounded. The physicians' cars have only two axles and double doors at the front sides. They are equipped with a Westinghouse brake, steamheating apparatus and two gasometers, so that enough light may be secured and the car heated by gas, in case the engine is detached from the car. To facilitate the receiving of the stretchers the platform railings are hinged and a sort of step-ladder is added.

The interior of the car is divided into a small compartment for the use of the physician and a larger one for the reception of the patients. The latter room can be divided by a curtain, so that male and female patients can be accom-



GERMAN AMBULANCE CAR.
(Interior View, Showing Arrangement of
Seats and Chairs.)

modated at the same time. There are large windows and a skylight of wire-glass in the physician's room, an operating table, an apparatus for the heating of water, a closet for bandages and instruments, a refrigerator and a large assortment of surgical instruments.

The folding and adjustable operating table has detachable cushions, and both table and cushion are covered with waterproof leather cloth. The water heater, a few seconds after the gas is lighted, furnishes a continuous stream of warm water. Distilled water is in the water box of the heater, in several cans and a special barrel containing 20 gallons.

In the patients' room there are two lower and two upper beds on every side, each bed consisting of a stretcher with a mattress and head rest, two woolen quilts with linen covers and linen sheets. In order to allow the patient to raise himself, braided straps hang on the walls and from the ceiling of the car. In addition to the beds two chairs are in the car for those whose injuries are slight, so that at least ten patients can be accommodated in the physicians' car. The stretchers are made from maplewood, strengthened with handrails, turned at the ends into handles, so that they may also serve for putting the stretcher upon the frames in the car. The frames are arranged with springs and rolls, so that the wounded will not even have to suffer by the vibration of the cars.

The physicians, officers and assistants of the ambulance trains must be ready for work at a moment's notice and it is the duty of a special officer to see that the cars and their equipments are always ready for use.

When an accident occurs the conductor of a train or another train man sends word to the nearest flagman, in whose booth there is a telephone. Arrows painted upon telegraph poles along the line indicate the location of the booths, which are marked with a T (telegraph), from where the message may be sent to the next station. As soon as the character of the accident has been learned the physicians and assistants are called, fresh water secured and refreshments taken aboard for patients as well as for the crew. Warm clothing is taken along also. In the meantime the time table has been fixed so that the line is clear for the relief train, and if the accident is of a more serious character two or more are ordered from the next station. The arrangements are so perfect that the ambulances succeed in getting away in a



They Say

What has become of the Negro leadership?

Why is it that others when they have a little power?

There is no manhood among those who claim to be leaders.

The Afro-American council is a failure and a fraud.

The mouths of the leaders were closed.

Let us organize an Afro-American council.

One that will not toady but defend the rights of the negro.

Some negroes are like sheep.

Give us a leadership that will not cater to the whims of demagogues.

There is no Afro-American council in this city.

W. A. Pledger has subordinated his manhood. He is now numbered among the cringing.

Oh how dazzling is an office to the eyes of the toady.

Booker Washington has promised the sucking leaders a tit.

It is best to be honest if you want to succeed.

The people will be asked to appoint another Judge to succeed Kimball.

90,000 colored citizens appeal to the President to appoint a successor to Ivory G. Kimball of the Police court.

The negro is a failure politically because he has no manhood.

There should be a strong Afro-American council organized.

Editor Fortune has lost his manhood.

"And thou too Fortune. We thought you would have mounted."

Editor Fortune asserted that all negro democrats are cures.

Were they cures when he advise all negroes to be democrats and support the democratic party.

The lies that have been told on the Metropole club have been branded by Lieut. Jordan and the ex-council board.

Major Sylvester is the Negroes friend, all reports to the contrary.

He has appointed more colored men on the force than any other Major who has held the office.

There is less beating negroes over the head than ever before.

Let us have a new Afro-American council.

The democratic party states that Judge Parker is too cold.

Bryan is hot enough for the entire push.

When you make promises you should keep them.

When can you find an honest negro representative?

Don't be alarmed, it will not pay.

Be candid in your talk and truthful accordingly.

The republicans are looking at the negroes to see how easily they are bluffed.

Commissioner West is just as good as any other commissioner.

The Metropole club has been vindicated.

What has become of the manhood that was once in the negro?

Robert W. Wilcox is no more. The brave Hawaiian leader is dead.

There is a grave question confronting the negro.

Be what you are and nothing more.

Let us have a successor to Judge Kimball.

It is hoped that Dr. J. Shadd

will be appointed on the school board.

Let Congress restore the right of suffrage to people.

It is hoped at the District government will be re-organized.

In union there is strength but in the Afro-American Council there is nothing but wind.

The office holders controlled it.

Let New England organize a new council.

Preachers should not speak what they do not know.

Some people talk too much.

You should tell what you know some times.

WEDS. AT SEVENTY-ONE.

Capt. Burt Makes Bride of Miss Ruth Bly, Aged Sixty, by Dead Sister's Eldest.

With the body of his sister lying in a coffin in the front parlor, and with the sorrowing friends and minister present to attend the funeral, Capt. William S. Burt, aged 71 years, of Gray,

will be married to Miss Ruth Bly, aged sixty, by the Rev. S. Nelson, of North Gage, was engaged to conduct the funeral service.

When he arrived he was surprised to learn that his services would be required for a marriage. Capt. Burt told him that he and Miss Bly had decided to be united in matrimony.

It took but a few moments to tie the knot, and after a brief period, devoted to congratulations, the funeral ceremony took place.

WILLIAM ELLIS COREY.

New Executive Head of Steel Trust Began Business Life by Pushing a Wheelbarrow.

William E. Corey, who has been assistant to President Schwab, of the United States Steel corporation, and will be the active head of the big corporation, has been president of the Carnegie company and the Carnegie Steel

company since April, 1901. Mr. Corey is one of Mr. Carnegie's "30 young men."

Fifteen years ago he was pushing a wheelbarrow in the yards of one of the Carnegie mills in Braddock. He wheeled so much more iron in a day than the men at his elbows that he was soon made foreman over them. Then his employer noticed that he got three times as much work out of his men as the other foremen, and at the same time the men worked harder without any grumbling, and swore by their new and youthful boss. Corey was straightway picked out by Mr. Carnegie as a promising, valuable acquisition, and given constantly widening opportunities.

He worked hard, studied at night to improve his public school education, and in time became an expert chemist and an armor plate authority. He was made superintendent of this mill, and that department, and invariably increased the output. He was born at Braddock, Pa., in 1866.

Country of Farm Gates.

Gates at frequent intervals bar the country roads in Norway, and are a nuisance to travelers, who have to leave their vehicles and open the barriers.

These obstructions mark the boundaries of farms, or separate the cultivated sections from the waste lands.

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Whiskey \$1.10 Per Gallon

We claim to be the **LOWEST PRICED WHISKEY HOUSE**. We really sell whiskey as low as 1.10 per gallon, and mind you; distilled Whiskey—not a decoction of chemicals—but of course it's new and under proof.

"CASPER'S STANDARD" 10 Year old whiskey is a liquid joy! It is actually produced by honest Tar Heels in the Mountain Section of North Carolina by the old time process. Every drop is boiled over open furnace wood fires, in old style copper stills, in exactly the same way it was made by your grand-fathers a century ago. First rate whiskey is sold at \$5 to .6 per gallon, but it is not any better than Fev

ARD. It is the best produced and must please every customer or we will buy it back with gold—we are incorporated Under the Laws of North Carolina, with an authorized capital of \$100,000.00 and the Peoples National Bank and Piedmont Savings Bank of Winston-Salem, N. C., will tell you our guarantee is good.

This is old honest, mild and mellow whiskey is worth one dollar a quart, but to more fully introduce "CASPER'S STANDARD" we offer sample shipments of this brand at half price, (packed in plain sealed boxes) 5 Quarts \$2.95, 10 Quarts \$5.00, Express Prepaid Anywhere in the United States. All orders and remittances (in stamps, cash or by check etc.) as well as requests for confidential price list must be addressed as follows:

W. B. Casper Co., Winston-Salem, N. C., U. S. A.

Main Office and Warehouse: No. 1045-46 Liberty and 1, 3, 4 and 5 Maple Streets.

WHISKEY \$1.10 Per Gallon.

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The New Manifolding Hammond Typewriter.



PERFECT alignment and impression. Easy of operation. Work in sight. Changeable type-shuttles. The best typewriter for the business or professional man.

In Use By
Miss L. S. Chase,
Dr. Geo. H. Richardson,
P. W. Frisby,
J. L. Walton,
W. C. Chase
and others.

The Hammond Typewriter Co., 521 NINTH STREET, N. W. Washington, D. C.

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Mrs. Bacon—"Ready" and willing are synonymous terms, are they not?
Mr. Bacon—"Not always. For instance, you are always willing to go to the theater, but you're not always ready."—Tit-Bits.

Professional Opinion.
Softleigh—I say, doctor, do you—aw—believe that liquor really affects a man's brain?
Physician—Yes, if he has any. Otherwise it affects his legs.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Lights.
"Well, I suppose Rockefeller lives according to his lights."
"I don't know. Sometimes I think other people's lights have more to do with it."—Detroit Free Press

The selection and crowning of a pope is a very ceremonious affair, and an event that concerns the Catholic church throughout the world. From the moment a pope dies until his successor is crowned the vatican may be said to be in a state of fervid excitement.

On the death of a pope it is the duty of the cardinal camerlingo to formally ascertain that fact. He does so by knocking thrice at the door of the pope's bedchamber. Getting no answer, he enters, and taps thrice with a silver mallet on the dead man's forehead, and thrice calls him by name. No response coming, the camerlingo declares to the world that the pope is dead.

The body is then embalmed, and after mass has been said over it in the presence of the cardinals it is removed to



CARDINAL GOTTI.
(Choice of Pope Leo XIII. to the Throne of St. Peter.)

St. Peter's, where it lies in state for nine days, when the funeral proper takes place. The next step is the selection of a new pope. He is chosen by the conclave, a body or committee composed of cardinals and other high church dignities.

They occupy special quarters in the vatican, isolated from the rest of the building and from the outer world by the walling up of every door and window and aperture. Each cardinal has a separate room, which is drawn by lot. With their servants they must about 200 souls. All these men are sworn to secrecy. While the gathering lasts they are forbidden all intercourse with the outside world. They even cook their own food in a common kitchen.

One of the first duties is to choose three scrutators to count the ballots. The canons really define three kinds of election—by inspiration, by compromise and by ballot. Election by inspiration takes place when "all the cardinals, as if by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, proclaim one candidate." As they never do this, the pope is always chosen by ballot or vote.

The ballots, when open, are about four inches long and three inches broad. In the first or upper section the cardinal writes his name; in the middle, the name of the candidate whom he proposes; in the lower section, some motto from the Scriptures. Two ballots are taken daily, in the morning and afternoon, until some candidate receives the requisite two-thirds vote of the members present. The duration of the conclave depends on many considerations—personal ambition, political intrigues and factional jealousies. That of 1800 lasted 104 days; that of 1878, when Leo was selected, only three days.

The moment the decision is declared the lucky cardinal dons the papal robes, the masons tear down the plaster wall before one of the balconies from which the cardinal dean proclaims the selection to the expectant throng beneath.

Then comes the coronation ceremony. It takes place in the morning, commencing with a procession, headed by the Swiss guards, and ending by the new pope, wearing a golden mitre, carried aloft on the sedia gestatoria, with a silver damask canopy borne above his head, flanked by the flabell (the great fans of ostrich and peacock feathers), the whole surrounded by noble guards with drawn swords.

As the pope enters St. Peter's, or the Chapel Sixtine, in the vatican, where the coronation takes place, as the choice remains with the pope, he is stopped three times by one of the clerks of the chapel, who, kneeling, sets fire to some flax on the point of a three-pronged stick, exclaiming, in loud and mournful voice: "Holy father, thus passes away the glory of the world."

Having descended from the sedia gestatoria, the pope proceeds to the altar, and, after a brief prayer, commences the introit of the mass, which, on this occasion, is celebrated by himself. At the end of the confession he takes his place on the throne on the left side of the altar, while the first cardinal bishop recites the three customary prayers over him. Then the pope returns to the altar, kneels on the step, and while the first cardinal deacon removes his gold mitre, the second cardinal deacon invests him with the pontifical pallium.

The most interesting part of the whole proceedings, probably, is the placing of the tiara upon the pope's head by the first cardinal deacon. It weighs three pounds, and is adorned with no fewer than 19,000 precious stones, of which 18,000 are diamonds.

As the deacon places the crown upon the supreme pontiff's head, he exclaims: "Take this tiara, adorned with three crowns, and know that thou art the father of all princes and sovereigns, the ruler of the globe, and on earth the vice-regent of our Saviour, Jesus Christ, to whom all honor and glory for ever and ever, amen." The pope then rises, and, wearing the tiara, delivers a benediction, which completes the ceremony of coronation.

Some of the Parisian restaurants serve camel's flesh. The meat tastes like beef, though white like veal. The hump is considered a great delicacy by the Arabs.

WISEST OF MONKEYS

A Chimpanzee of Rare Intelligence and Fine Manners.

He Lives in a Private Apartment, supplied with All Modern Conveniences—Not a Success as an Electrician.

There have been other monkeys who have worn dress suits, eaten at tables with knife and fork, ridden bicycles, slept in beds, and all that sort of thing, but they have done these things usually at the end of a whip lash. But this Consol is very different. Consol is a chimpanzee of rare intelligence. He enjoys whatever he is doing. He is a natural-born humorist, and a most precocious child of four years. At present he inhabits a spacious apartment in Coney Island palace as the star boarder and bosom companion of Frank C. Block. His nature has endeared him to the hearts of all who have had the good fortune to know him.

Consol arrived at the port of New York recently, after a pleasant voyage across the ocean aboard the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse. On his arrival he rode with his hat and suit cases, and asked about him in his cab to his suite at a hotel.

Consol is only about three feet high, and his legs are so short that he has to fold up his fingers and walk on his knuckles when he drops to all fours. His lips are thin, but most expressive when he smiles they reach from ear to ear. For one so young, he wears a fine set of side whiskers, which come and disappears beneath his chin, but the rest of his face is fairly smooth. His nose is not noticeable, but there is a fine, long upper lip. His ears are prominent to a fault, and his forehead is so low that the tips of his ears, had they eyes, could see each other over the top of his head. He is rather sensitive about his large ears, and conceals the deformity under a spacious jockey cap which he wears, even to bed.

Consol is very fond of children, especially the curly-haired boys of the



"GOOD MORNING"
(Consol, Said to Be the Most Intelligent Monkey Living.)

Bostock family, and at the hotel in New York his chief delight was to outdo the little boys in turning somersaults over the bed and landing on his feet on the floor beyond. These three had very happy times playing the children's game known as "follow the leader." Consol was the "leader," and the children tried to do everything he did, while Consol, after he performed, sat gravely on the bed and saw to it that they did it accurately. The children "followed" most acceptably, jumping down from the headboard on to the bed,

MONKEYS.

Intelligence
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of children, of
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Dr. Lorenz had
watched and lis-
tened.

Dr. Lorenz leant
against the bridge
and laughed long.
The boys gazed
at him in doubt.
And then, upon
the bridge, high
above the foaming
river, and under
the bright sky Dr.
Lorenz gave one
of the queerest
consultations in
his history. He
felt the shriveled
leg and he turned
it and twisted it.
The other two boys
had pressed closer.
He shook his head.

"I'm sorry," he
said. "The case is
hopeless. It cannot
be cured. It is in-
curable too bad. I
cure, or try to cure,
your hips and your
feet, but I cannot
cure this life has
gone. It is paralysis,
not life trouble, that
has afflicted you, my
boy. I am truly sorry."

There fell a silence.
The spokesman
said:

"Den if he says it's
all off, Shorty, it's
all off. He's de limit
in dat game."

Shorty's face fell.
Dr. Lorenz beck-
oned the three to
approach. He had
slipped his hand into
his pocket unob-
served.

"Will you shake hands
with me?" he asked.

The three shook hands.
In turn three
pairs of cheeks flushed
with delight as each
palm felt something
crushed into it. With
common impulse each
cap was removed.
"Aw, tank youse, sir;
you is all right, you is,"
they said.

Five minutes later the
three were holding
excited consultation.

"Wot did he give you?"
"I got a dollar bill."

"So'd I. Wot did you
git, Shorty?"
"He gimme two."

"Dat's all right. He
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But, say, he's a sport
all t'rough, dat feller
is."

And the next minute
the three were racing
as fast as they could
to sell a paper to a
man who was waiting
for a street car which
was just coming up.

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COMEDY IN COURTROOM.

Cupid that Had Parted Drawn To-
gether While Witnesses in an
Important Case.

Cupid dried his eyes and laughed at a marital tragedy that wound up in a happy comedy in a courtroom at Macon, Mo. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pryor, a young couple who had been separated for six or eight months, were in court as witnesses in a state case.

Since her withdrawal from her husband's roof Mrs. Pryor has been staying with an excellent family at the colliery town of Keota. She was escorted by Shafer Ford, a young man who had been keeping company with her the past two or three months, and who was waiting the adjudication of the divorce case to marry her.

Mrs. Pryor is a very pretty young woman of about 20, and was handsomely dressed. On the witness stand



"HE GIMME TWO."

stretched hand presented a paper. He did so his hand suddenly fell and shrewd eyes stared hard at the kind face which looked so squarely at him. He turned toward the other two beckoned furiously.

"Come here, youse kids; come here! He is!" he said.

The other two ran up. The first one gazed at the great surgeon and cried: "Dat's him, dat's the feller wot I was t'ing you about. He cures legs like you got, Shorty."

Shorty looked at his leg. He had a me-made broomstick crutch tucked under his shoulder, and his left leg was swollen up and shriveled.

Dr. Lorenz had watched and listened. He said, in his broken English: "And who am I?"

"W'y," answered the spokesman of the trio, "you're de great doctor wot cures kids wid game—wid bum stilts—meless. I means."

Curious to understand how the boys knew him, Dr. Lorenz asked: "And how do you know I am that doctor?"

"W'y, mister," said the first boy, "couldn't we tell dem whiskers a mile away?"

Dr. Lorenz leant against the bridge rail and laughed long. The boys gazed at him in doubt. And then, upon the bridge, high above the foaming river, and under the bright sky Dr. Lorenz gave one of the queerest consultations in his history. He felt the shriveled leg and he turned it and twisted it. The other two boys had pressed closer. He shook his head.

"I'm sorry," he said. "The case is hopeless. It cannot be cured. It is incurable too bad. I cure, or try to cure, your hips and your feet, but I cannot cure this life has gone. It is paralysis, not life trouble, that has afflicted you, my boy. I am truly sorry."

There fell a silence. The spokesman said:

"Den if he says it's all off, Shorty, it's all off. He's de limit in dat game."

Shorty's face fell. Dr. Lorenz beckoned the three to approach. He had slipped his hand into his pocket unobserved.

"Will you shake hands with me?" he asked.

The three shook hands. In turn three pairs of cheeks flushed with delight as each palm felt something crushed into it. With common impulse each cap was removed.

"Aw, tank youse, sir; you is all right, you is," they said.

Five minutes later the three were holding excited consultation.

"Wot did he give you?"

"I got a dollar bill."

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"Dat's all right. He oughter done it. But, say, he's a sport all t'rough, dat feller is."

And the next minute the three were racing as fast as they could to sell a paper to a man who was waiting for a street car which was just coming up.

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WERE TRUE TO CHUM

Human Nature in the Fierce Wilderness of Maine.

How Two Log Drivers Took Body of Their Dead Comrade Home—Lots of Sand and Devotion in Their Makeup.

James Bell and Daniel Molloy, of Bangor, Me., have proved themselves "true blue" heroes, but they will get no medals—only the heartfelt thanks of poor people, the weeping mother and sisters of John Haggerty, and credit from every lumberman on the Penobscot for having lots of "sand" in their makeup.

It was seven weeks ago that John Francis Haggerty, of Bangor, better known as "Reddy" Haggerty, a first-class log driver, and he went to the far-away Alleghash with 50 others, including some friends from his own town. Five weeks ago Haggerty became sick, having taken cold, and on a recent Sunday he died—some say from typhoid fever, others from pneumonia. No one bothers to find out the details of a woodman's taking off, for that takes time, and while men are plentiful, time is limited. "Hurry the job" is the main idea.

When, after lingering for weeks in a wretched hovel, with no care save what his loyal chums could give him in their rough way, and with never a drop of medicine—when, after untold suffering, poor Haggerty died, the first thing that occurred to the boss of the drive was to dispose of the body, and he ordered it buried then and there, in the wilderness of the Alleghash, where the little mound would soon be lost in the tangle of undergrowth, unmarked and forgotten. The task of thus disposing of the mortal remains of "Reddy" Haggerty fell to his two chief cronies—"Jimmy" Bell and "Danny" Molloy, of Bangor. They were to hurry about it, too, for the drive was making slow progress, and their services were needed every minute to prevent the logs from being hung up.

Bell and Molloy flatly refused to do the bidding of the boss. They knew



WAS DEEP IN ICY WATER.

that Haggerty's mother would sorrow to the end of her days if the body of her boy were left in the wilderness, and they also felt that the reproaches of all Hancock street, where they lived and were brought up together, would be upon them if they should fail to do what they could to bring the body home. The hovel on the Alleghash where poor Haggerty died, was 200 miles north of Bangor, and there was not even a tote road through the woods to Patten, the nearest settlement. They could see, towering above the mists, the summit of Katahdin, and with that for a guide, they determined to make the attempt to carry the corpse out.

Telling the boss of Lawler's drive that, so far as they were concerned, the logs could stay there and rot, Bell and Molloy placed the body of their dead chum in the bottom of a canoe, and, taking a handful of salt fish and hardtack, they started down the Alleghash. They had not gone far when they found that the canoe was in danger of being dashed to pieces against the rocks that studded the shallow stream, where the current runs a mill-race, and so they got out water, waist deep, and canoe, guiding it carefully, for miles. At nightfall Sunday they were so benumbed with cold that they were obliged to halt, and, pulling the canoe up on the bank, they made a big fire.

On Monday they came to a stretch where the water was so quick that one was obliged to care for the canoe while the other carried the body for five miles on his shoulder, struggling over bowlders, in rapids and through thorny underbrush. At noon they came to smooth water again, and from there to the journey's end it was merely a question of endurance. They reached Patten in the afternoon, in time to have the body cared for and sent in the evening train to Bangor. They were so much exhausted that they staggered as they passed through the streets of Patten, and were unable to eat the food set before them. It was an awful experience, even for the wiry, tough-muscled Bangor log drivers.

Having seen the body on way to Bangor, "Jimmy" Bell and "Danny" Molloy turned back through the wilderness for the Alleghash, and over the death of their friend "Reddy," but satisfied that they had done all that men could do, and knowing that they need not be ashamed to go back to Bangor and face the neighbors in Hancock street. And in Bangor those who know them say: "Jimmy and Danny's all right!"

The Philadelphia Telegraph says that a woman caused a sensation in a downtown barber shop last Thursday afternoon, the thought of which still makes cold shivers chase each other up and down the backs of the six customers who were mixed up in it.

Four o'clock had just struck. The restful atmosphere of the shop was disturbed only by the "snip" of the scissors, swish of sharpening razors and occasional remarks by a barber who insisted on talking politics to a customer who was stone deaf.

A figure darkened the doorway—a portly, middle-aged woman, with a se-



"MADAME, YOU'RE NEXT."

vere demeanor, pompadour, spectacles and a tulle boa.

"Afternoon, Mrs. Shafer," remarked the head barber.

"How do?" Mrs. Shafer hung her hat and boa on a hook and sat down among the "waiters" with a sigh of content. Glancing at the dog-eared periodicals on a table she selected an alleged comic weekly and was soon solemnly studying its contents.

The six waiting customers stared at her with respectful, open-mouthed amazement. For five minutes there was dead silence. The "waiters" dwindled to three men and Mrs. Shafer. Then the woman nonchalantly cast aside the paper, took off her spectacles, removed a complicated structure of lace and ribbons around her neck and opened the top buttons of her shirt-waist.

The waiting customers stared, then, with a great coughing and shuffling of feet, seized magazines and newspaper and pretended to read. The Bashful Man grasped his coat and dived for the door.

"You're next," shouted the barber. The reply of the Bashful Man was lost in the hurry of his flight.

"Next!"

"Madame, you're next!" The saloon keeper bowed to Mrs. Shafer.

"This man's next." She indicated the dry goods clerk.

"I prefer to wait."

Mrs. Shafer thanked him, settled herself in the vacant chair, adjusted her back hair into the notch of the head rest, and put her ankles on the foot rest.

Tonsorial art was forgotten as all watched the operation—the lathering of the fair chin, the clean shave of the razor, the application of hot towel, witch-hazel and pearl powder.

"Brilliantine?" began the barber, absently. Then he bit his tongue and was silent.

"I don't want my clothes brushed," Mrs. Shafer remarked to the colored boy as she put on her hat. Boa and spectacles adjusted, she paid her 15 cents and left the shop.

"What's the matter with you fellows?" remarked the proprietor. "She's been a steady customer for six months. The poor thing can't help it that she has a beard. At first I used to shave her once a month, then every two weeks. Now she has to be shaved every week. We get a dollar for every visit to a private house. She thought this was rather steep, so that now she comes here. She's not the only woman in town I shave, but the first who doesn't mind coming into a shop."

"The trade will grow, too. When these athletic, out-door girls grow old they'll need shaves, I'm afraid. Why, out in Chicago they are getting ready for it."

Several shops run opened up there lately.

The barber shop is now waiting to see the Mrs. Shafer re-

Washing by Electricity.

An electrical washing machine has made its appearance in Buda Pesth. No soap is required with it, the electric current removing any stain or grease. The machine is said to be capable of washing as many as 200 or 300 pieces of linen in two hours without the assistance of man or woman.

Braggby—I tell you I'm overworking. I am turning out an awful lot of work just now.

Nocker—That's just exactly the word your employer used in describing your present work.—Baltimore American.

Real Starvation Wages.

In Galicia, Austria Poland, the farm hands are starving on a pittance of from three to 10 cents a day. It is not wonderful that some of them have given up farming and are striving to make a living as bandits.

Sports in Lancashire.

Among the items on a programme which has just been found of some Lancashire "sports" held in 1819 were "bull-baiting," "apple-dumpling-eating" and a "ladies" and gentlemen's smoking match.—Chicago Chronicle.

BEARS IN COLORADO.

An English Sportsman Says That Treeling Grizzlies Beats Baiting Tigers in India.

Colin C. Scott, of London, who has hunted tigers, elephants and other big game in both Asia and Africa, considers bear hunting in Colorado the most royal sport he has ever enjoyed. He stopped off in Denver a few weeks ago on his way home from a trip around the world, and his friend, H. W. Throckmorton, volunteered to give him a taste of Rocky mountain big game. The globe trotter suggested that anything in the Colorado hills would probably be rather tame after Bengal tigers, but when the party returned from the White river country a few days ago, Mr. Scott admit-



HUGE CINNAMON BEAR. Treed in an Aspen Tree, 35 Feet From the Ground.

ted that he had been "shown" in proper Missouri fashion.

Four bears that went over the mountain never came back again, although their hides were packed out, but their carcasses were fed to John Goff's pack of hounds, after the hunters had feasted on juicy steak.

Mr. Scott and Mr. Throckmorton, says the Denver Post, went to Meeker and engaged the services of John Goff, the guide of President Roosevelt, when he hunted in Colorado two years ago last winter. With Goff and his noted dogs they hunted the country between the White and Bear rivers for ten days.

One morning the dogs trailed and captured a porcupine, and the sportsmen spent two hours picking quills from the dogs after the fight.

On the last day of the hunt the party followed the dogs on a bear trail for about two hours, and were about to give up when they heard a yelping in the distance, and knew that something was doing in the bear line. Mr. Throckmorton was skirting along the edge of a mesa, and after dragging his horse down the rock run, he rode a short distance when he met a big bear "hiking" up the hill. He yelled and the bear turned and the dogs soon came up and followed the quarry, finally treeling him. The bear was in an open 35 feet from the ground, and Mr. Throckmorton was eager for a shot.

"If you think you can kill him, blaze away," said Mr. Goff, "but if you only wound him he'll drop down and there will be a fight which is liable to make sausage of some of my dogs, and they are a valuable pack."

Mr. Throckmorton took careful aim and fired. The bear lurched and then stuck in the fork of the tree. Apparently he was a dead one. Mr. Throckmorton put his hunting knife in his mouth and climbed up, finding the bear dead. The branches were cut, and Bruin fell to the ground, when it was discovered that the shot had gone through his heart. The dogs had plenty of fresh meat, and the successful hunter had the skin of a 550-pound cinnamon to bring home as a trophy. Later in the season the bear would have weighed 700 pounds.

The other three bears killed on the trip weighed 435, 300 and 200 pounds respectively.

RURAL FREE DELIVERY.

Service Has Now Been Taken Out of Politics, Much to the Disgust of Spoils Seekers.

The entire rural free delivery service is to be taken out of politics. It will not hereafter form any part of federal



JOSEPH L. BRISTOW. (Fourth Assistant Postmaster General of the United States.)

patronage. The suggestions of senators and representatives will carry no more weight than those of ordinary citizens. Fourth Assistant Postmaster General Bristow, with the full approval of Mr. Payne, with the fiscal year beginning has completely revolutionized the rural free delivery system. Congressional districts have been eliminated as factors in establishing new routes. States will hereafter form the unit on which the system is based.

It is impossible to overestimate the sensation Mr. Bristow's new policy will create. It will be antagonized by every senator and representative now in Congress or who may hereafter be elected.

BEAR WAS TOO GREEDY.

Unique Animal Story Which Has Its Origin in the Strawberry Pamine in Maine.

The failure of the wild strawberry crop this year has brought trouble to many homes in eastern Maine—to the city families who expected to buy the fruit brought in from the country, for making their winter preserves; to the country boys and girls who hoped to secure their circus money from selling what they gathered in the fields, and to the bears, who lay on the first coating of fat for the year by foraging among the rocky pastures and gorging themselves upon the ripe berries.

Early in July, while Mrs. Martha Jordan, of Aurora, Me., was picking some strawberries in her garden, a bear climbed the stone wall at the boundary line and ambled close up to her side, picking the fruit from two adjoining rows, apparently unconscious of her presence. As soon as



MRS. BRUIN AT LUNCH.

she realized the character of the visitor she dropped her large tin pan, which was about half full of fruit, and ran to the house and locked the door.

Finding about four quarts of ripe berries, all picked and ready to eat, the bear nosed about the pail for a moment, and, inserting her head under the wire ball, began to fill herself at leisure. No sooner was the last berry gone than the bear discovered that she had made a mistake. The wire ball had gone over her head and her neck with great ease, but when she tried to remove it she met with trouble. She scratched and clawed at the pail and tore the hair from her neck in trying to get released, and, finding that the pail remained in place as firmly as ever, she staggered over the wall and groped her way toward the west branch of Union river, into which she fell and swam across, in the hope of washing the pail away.

Meantime Mrs. Jordan had escaped from her house by the front door and called the neighbors to her aid. They pursued the bear with shotguns and dogs. They crossed the branch of the river on a bridge below the village, and, putting hounds on the track of the bear, soon overtook her. She was lying dead among a bunch of ferns, having been drowned in about two gallons of water which remained in the pail after her swim across the stream. The taut wire fitted so closely over her neck that her nose was forced to the bottom of the pail, and the water did the rest.

WHIPPED INTO LINE.

Two Girls Lash a Preacher Until He Gives Consent to His Daughter's Marriage.

The Toledo (O.) correspondent of the New York World is authority for the statement that Rev. Martin Harris, a Baptist preacher in the Matamoras district, refused to let his daughter Min-



SWISH! WENT THE WHIP.

nle marry Harry C. man is the ters. The o tercepted Mr. entering his fused to give his consent to the m and, drawing a long mile whip beneath the folds of her dress, eldest Carter girl brought it with rific force across the neck and s ders of the divine.

Before he could recover his asto ment the other sister struck him s the legs with another whip, and : moment the blows rained thick fast upon the dominie, until he f howled for mercy. The sisters newed their request for consent o daughter's marriage, and he atten to argue the question. Swish! the whip in the younger girl's b about the preacher's thinly-clad a extremities. Again and again a him with the whip. Finally he b and pleaded so hard that they de the punishment, but continued demands until he promised an they asked. The wedding is to place in August.

The Bee.

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The Rapists and the Raped.

To kill a being without Judge or Jury is the unwritten American law. It is permeating the legal precincts of the entire country, not withstanding the many protests of the people and those in high authority. This law applies strictly to the rapists for their unlawful acts. Drastic measures have been resorted to, and President Roosevelt has gone so far as to congratulate the Governor of Indiana for the stand he took in maintaining order. The greatest crime that seems to excite the public mind at this time, is the rapist on the raped. There is no crime more revolting than the attempt or actual execution of the crime of rape. No punishment is too severe to be inflicted upon the perpetrators of this offense. One would presume that the many executions by burning would deter these fiends, but it seems that the more they are burned, hanged and otherwise tortured, more of these offenses are committed. There is but one way to put an end to these offenses. There is but one way to blot these lawless mobs out of existence. The gun has done its duty; burning at the stake seems to increase the crime, hanging is only a holiday for the mob and non effective to the rapists. The rapists alone must cease perpetrating these crimes. The pulpit is not doing its duty. The negro preacher is crying out aloud against the mob, when he should condemn the rapists. The negro preacher will assemble in conventions and adopt preambles and resolutions against those who cry for the blood of the rapists, and will very often extol his virtues. If the pulpit and the press would cry out against these offenses, as it is their duty to do, there would be but a few rapists and no victims to be raped. The colored man is not helping himself. He is standing idly by waiting for something to turn up. What is he to expect? A woman is entitled to be protected and her honor is sacred. When that is gone, the man is the first to condemn her. She is entitled to more because she has no part in the making of the laws. She is entitled to more consideration in this regard, because the man puts himself as the monarch and the woman, who is helpless must submit to his insults. When the rapists cease, lynching will cease. Neither congratulatory letters of Presidents to Governors, the shot gun nor the rope will stop the rapists.

DISTRICT SUFFRAGE.

Our esteemed contemporary the Daily Post editorially speaking last week in commenting on an article published in THE BEE, said that it was opposed to suffrage in the District of Columbia and that no one would believe for a moment that Congress has the least idea of giving suffrage to the District where there are so many ignorant blacks or negroes who compose one third of the entire population. But, if suffrage was given to all it would suggest qualified suffrage making property and education its basis. Our contemporary seems to think with such a large population, with a division among the white people, that negroes would slip in. This is

the best argument against white people, if such a feeling exists, that they are not so much opposed to the negro after all. If they were, they would unite in the District to combine against him.

It is not so much that on account of the great negro population as it is the fear of the negroes uniting and electing their own representatives to office. For the benefit of our able contemporary, THE BEE, wants it to know that there would be as much of a division among the intelligent negroes as there would be among the whites. The negroes have to learn that it will be politic for them to support men and not parties, principles and not men, the representatives of good and sound principles. Let us have qualified suffrage. Try it for once at any rate. There has been all kinds of suffrage but suffering in the District, suppose you give us both in the qualified sense,

SOME FALACIES.

'Booker—he gets de money' 'Oh man! Booker is fooling the white fokes.

'Go long, nigger, Booker is doing sump'n.

One hears these and like expressions from persons who are disposed to stand by Washington, right or wrong. It is true that Booker gets the money, but he gets it with the understanding that negroes are to have a political and civil status different from white men. If anybody doubts this, let him read Mr. Cleveland's speech at the meeting which resulted in Carnegie's gift of six hundred thousand to Booker's school. The nation at large understands the gift in this way, and Booker is living up to his end of the agreement.

As for 'foolin de white fokes,' that is all nonsense. There is mutual understanding between him and them. Let Booker stand up and utter clarion votes for freedom and equality that use to emanate from Frederick Douglass, and see how soon de white fokes what gives him money' will turn on him.

As for doing sump'n, it may be said that he is using money that other men have made, and teachers that other institutions have educated. In fact take any from Booker his calling as solicitor of funds for industrial education, and he is a mere pigny, both in intellect and in achievement.

ANOTHER COUNCIL, IS IT?

From the New York Age.

It has been announced from Boston, by the towering intellect that guides the Boston Guardian and habitually stoops low, deucedly low, in the effort to conquer, that there is to be another Afro-American Council, in which, as the Louisville American Council aptly puts it, all the kickers and knoekers are to be huddled together in one mad lump of profusion and confusion.

We may be mistaken, but we do not believe that enough Afro-Americans of sense and decency can be got to start this new-fangled thing, with craziness in the bone and marrow of it. We believe in healthy opposition, but the putrescent opposition symbolized in this alleged Boston scheme bodes no good to the race and its welfare. Unbalanced men and crazy theories cannot prevail, we believe.

Yes, another council or an organization that will protect the rights of the people. The New England delegates were cowardly treated at the Louisville, Ky., meeting. The presiding officer had no more regard for parliamentary law than a canary bird has for the fourth of July. There will be an organization established that will command the respect and confidence of the people.

It is no sin to apologize if you are wrong.

Whenever a man can't use you, you are no good.

The Bee does not mean to misrepresent anyone.

The Editor of the Colored American waived an examination.

There are some people in the world who can't be honest if they tried.

Judge C. S. Bandy assumed charge of the Police Court on Monday. He was greeted with a large

and handsome bunch of variegated flowers, which represented the many different classes and nationalities with which he would deal.

General George H. Harries is to be thanked for paying the fine of one of our colored soldiers.

The Bryant Democrats say that neither Gorman nor Cleveland will be nominated. It will not be Bryant by any means.

One of the Personal Tax assessors has an affection of the swell head. There is a way to reduce it so that his hat may fit him.

Editor J. M. Trotter of the Boston Guardian, has made a manly fight. The Judge who presided and came to such a conclusion, was somewhat Tuskegee struck.

W. H. Lewis, asst. U. S. atty. at Boston, testified at the trial of Messrs. Trotter, Martin and Charles that he is not a member of the colored men's Business League. And yet he was the presiding officer of a meeting held under the auspices of the league. What a farce.

What has become of democratic, prohibitionist, republican Fortune's report on his observations in Hawaii and the Philippines? Rumor has it that the report is absolutely useless, and that it has been committed to the files of the Treasury department, there to remain.

Booker Washington's greatest show on earth otherwise the National Business Men's league meets in Nashville next week. As an unmitigated humbug Barum's beard lady is not in it. As usual Washington may be expected to monopolize the press notices.

A GLEAM OF COMMON SENSE.

(From the Daily Post, Aug. 6th.)

Nobody for a moment believes that Congress will ever impose suffrage upon the District of Columbia. The experiment in that direction was not a successful one, and is not likely to be again attempted, despite the persistent efforts of those who are anxious to achieve notoriety by insisting upon a change in the District government.

At the same time, in view of the fact that there is more or less talk about suffrage in the District, it is pleasant to find a gleam of common sense in the editorial columns of the Bee, the representative paper of the colored people in the District. Everybody knows that were it not for the very large colored population here—comprising one-third of the total citizenry—the District might be accorded suffrage. The large negro class is a bar to the ballot, because it is, in the main, ignorant and non-taxpaying, and yet would hold the balance of power between the divided white voters, a condition of affairs not to be endured.

The suggestion of the Bee is that if suffrage is to be granted to the people of the District, it should be a qualified suffrage, based upon property ownership and education.

'Those who have no property and want to vote,' says the Bee, 'will soon hustle and accumulate some. The educational test would make the ignorant study to know right from wrong. With these two qualifications, the property owners would have no fear of being outvoted by ignorant whites and blacks.'

We are sadly afraid that the Bee will make itself unpopular among the rank and file of the colored people by these very sensible remarks. The average negro wants to get into politics without any regard to his fitness for the exercise of the ballot, and, unfortunately, he finds his vote a subject for traffic and personal gain. The educated and industrious negroes of Washington, and there are large numbers of them who are a credit to the community, will, however, commend the Bee's utterances, and in this commendation the editor will doubtless find his reward.

We do not want suffrage in the District of Columbia. If it ever should come, however, let it be upon the lines which the Bee suggests, eliminating all those persons, white and black, who are ignorant and who do not contribute to the support of the government. Such restriction would be a constant incentive to study and thrift. The public schools offer superabundant advantages, so that nowadays ignorance is wilful. There is also every opportunity to accumulate a little property. The doors which should lead to qualified suffrage are open wide.

In the meantime, even though there be no suffrage, let the colored people take the lesson of the Bee's editorial close to their hearts. If they will study and save, they will find that they will have no time to waste in straining after social equality and other fancied rights and privileges. They will find, however, that as they help themselves, the respect of the community will go to them without reserve.

Diphtheria Grows Live Long. That diphtheria may live in packed clothing almost indefinitely is shown by an incident which occurred in an Ohio village. A child died of diphtheria and its mother packed its dresses and toys in a chest. The mother died 15 years afterward, and her daughter and granddaughter, who opened and handled the contents of the chest, were duly taken ill of diphtheria, although there had recently been no cases in the village.

BEER BOTTLE HOUSE.

Unique Residence Built by a Resourceful Miner in a Treeless Nevada Town.

Tonopah, Nev., aside from being famed on account of its vast mineral resources, also occupies the unique distinction of numbering among its inhabitants a man who is able to live in a glass house and throw unlimited quantities of stones at the same time without suffering any of the serious inconveniences popularly supposed to surround such an association.

Not a tree grows within 60 miles of the great mining camp, and very naturally building material and fuel bring all sorts of fancy prices, the commonest kind of lumber selling for \$65 per thousand feet, while inferior grades of scrub cedar command \$22 a cord. Consequently upon this condition, various subterfuges



THE BEER BOTTLE HOUSE. (Architectural Freak Erected by an Ingenious Nevada Man.)

are resorted to in the architectural makeup of Tonopah. There are houses made of straw, of burlap sacks trimmed with blue jean overalls, of tin from five-gallon oil cans; of dry goods and crockery box lumber; of mud, stones, tents, cloth—in fact, almost every sort of contrivance is resorted to as a makeshift for a place of habitation; but it has remained for William F. Peck, a miner to devise a house in a class by itself.

He has constructed of empty beer bottles a house 16 by 20 feet in the clear, with ceilings eight feet high, and containing two rooms. It was built in October of last year by Mr. Peck entirely unaided, at such odd moments as he could spare from his regular duties at the mine. Water was then selling at \$1.50 a barrel, hence the principal element of expense centered in the supply of mud that was employed as a mortar between the bottles comprising the edifice.

Ten thousand empty beer bottles were incorporated in the structure. The inside walls are plastered with mortar which is spread to a depth sufficient to cover the protruding bottle necks, thus making a smooth surface.

Mr. Peck lived all last winter in his peculiar abode with his wife and two children, a girl of seven and a boy of three years, and says that while the water in many residences of Tonopah reached the freezing point quite often, his family found their glass house exceedingly comfortable at all times. He has sufficient bottles on hand for another room, and it is his intention to utilize them at his leisure in building an addition to his premises.

Mr. Peck removed with his family from Prescott, Ariz., to Tonopah, last winter, and it is quite evident he will get along all right wherever his lot may be cast.

BISHOP SCHWEBACH.

Head of La Crosse (Wis.) Diocese Will Probably Be Chosen Archbishop of Milwaukee.

Bishop Schwebach of La Crosse, who on the death of Archbishop Katzer and by the will of that prelate, becomes the trustee of all the property of the archdiocese of Milwaukee, is one of the most learned and the most prominent of the bishops in the American hierarchy of



BISHOP SCHWEBACH. (Wisconsin Prelate Who May Be Made Archbishop of Milwaukee.)

the Roman Catholic church. He is a native of the duchy of Luxemburg, 56 years old and a graduate of the seminary of St. Francis. He was ordained a deacon by the late Archbishop Heiss, and under Bishop Flasch was for several years the vicar general of the diocese. Bishop Schwebach is quite well known and greatly liked by the Protestant denominations in that part of the state. The probability of his being chosen as the successor of Archbishop Katzer is a matter of self-congratulation for the people of the diocese.

Understands His Business. A photographer in Berlin has won the title of "darling" from the middle-aged ladies of that city. When taking a picture of a lady of advanced age, he places thin sheets of celluloid between the negative and the printing paper, thus producing a very softening effect, which hides the ravages of time.

Geronimo Now a Methodist

Murderous Apache Chieftain, Who Was a Modern Atoner, Joins the Church, Awed by Story of the Thief on the Cross.

GERONIMO, in the twilight of his life, has given his Indian heart to God. The one time chief of a murderous band of Apaches has joined the Methodist church. He has taken the solemn vow that makes him a follower of the gospel of love.

It was an impressive moment when the decrepit warrior of the plains bowed his head and received the drops of water that symbolized his change of heart. The old spirit of defiance was gone and in its stead was a gentle man of submission. The man who had slaughtered innocent women and children, ambushed the luckless paleface, was under the spell of the precept of the Great Peacemaker. Taken from his prison home at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, to a little church not far away, Geronimo professed his new



GERONIMO. (Murderous Apache Now Said to Be a Peaceful Methodist.)

faith before a great crowd of whites and Indians. Geronimo was not alone in his profession. Twelve of the men who had followed him into many a revel of death and destruction also joined the church. After the ceremony they went back to prison, where, in the custody of the United States government, they may spend all their days.

Rarely have the simple prairie folk of the west seen such a ceremony as that which made Geronimo and his little band a part of the great army of Christians. The minister's words were chosen as though he were talking to little children. On one side was a picturesque group of Comanches, on the other the Apache warriors. Each tribe had its interpreter, standing in the foreground repeating the words of the paleface preacher.

The minister told the story of Him of Galilee. The tragedy of the cross was described in words that brought tears to the bronzed cheeks of the men around him.

'Christ came,' said the speaker, 'not to save the white man alone, but to bring everlasting joy to all the world.'

The red men learned how they could

receive free and full salvation, how they could pass from life to a happy land and from death to another life in a happy hunting grounds which God had prepared for those who loved and followed Him. The thief on the cross was not forgotten in the Scriptures. This part of the sermon seemed to deal with peculiar force to Geronimo about whose withered face played a smile.

The New York Herald says that the sermon was done the doors of the little church were thrown open. Geronimo and his 12 companions came inside. They moved to the front and, through the medium of interpreters, they professed their love for faith in the white man's God. They wanted to 'walk the way of Jesus' they said, and atone for the deeds of the past.

Then Geronimo and the others bowed their heads in turn and were baptized. 'In the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost, amen.' Thus the old warrior who had terrorized the southwest for years and defied the majesty of the great father's government became a Methodist and set his face serenely toward the fast sunset.

The story of Geronimo and his band of hostile Indians is not unfamiliar to American readers. The tribe was years the terror of Arizona and New Mexico, where they killed and burned without mercy. Men, women and children were their victims, and not infrequently they murdered, they mutilated those they slew.

Many attempts to capture the band and bring it to justice were made without success. Finally Lieut. Gen. Sheridan planned the pursuit, capture and destruction of the band. The expedition against the outlaws was led by Lieut. Gen. George Crook, who came into conflict with Geronimo March 25, 1885.

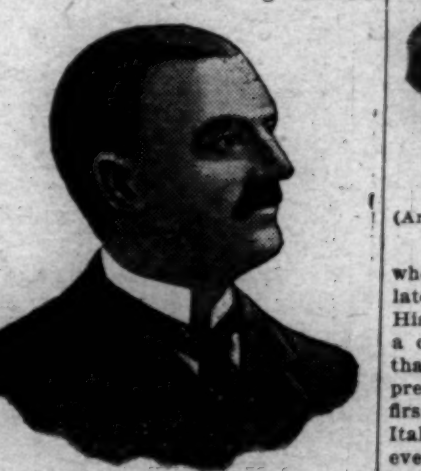
To the demand for an unconditional surrender the Apache chief declared that he would give himself up only on condition that the band, with their families, be sent east for a period not exceeding two years and that they be then returned to the reservation. On the way the Indians escaped. Gen. Crook was succeeded by Gen. Nelson A. Miles, who there followed the memorable pursuit of Geronimo and final capture.

Gen. Miles and Maj. Gen. Lawton ordered Geronimo in the Fort Apache basin, near Prescott, Ariz. After months of starvation and after all of cutting their way through the region of troops surrounding them, the Indians surrendered. They were first sent to the military camp at Mount Vernon, Ariz., but the climate there did not agree with them. One of the band died from consumption.

"GOLDEN RULE" JONES.

Toledo's Famous Mayor Is the Strangest Figure in the Political Life of Our Country.

Samuel M. Jones, who was recently elected mayor of Toledo, O., for the fourth successive term, and has been thrice re-elected as an independent candidate of the candidates of both of the great parties, was born in Wales in 1846, and brought to this country by his parents when three years old. He was compelled by the poverty of his family to become a wage earner when a mere child. When 18 years old he entered the oil fields in a newly opened Pennsylvania district; and later became the inventor and manufacturer of an improved oil well appliance. His manufacturing business



HON. SAMUEL M. JONES.

has been conducted in Toledo, O. He took no part in political life until 1897, when his popularity as an employer led to his nomination as mayor on the republican ticket. As an employer he won the name of 'Golden Rule' Jones by his insistence that no other rule was needed in the management of employees, and the same rule has been his watchword in the administration of public affairs. His interpretation of this rule has often alienated the support of good people, but no one has ever questioned his sincerity or kindness of spirit. Nearly all of his political views have grown out of his belief that all the people are essentially equal and entitled to equal consideration. This is at the bottom of his advocacy of the public ownership of monopolies, which, says the Outlook, has marked his administration from the beginning. It is also at the bottom of his hatred of the rule of political machines—a hatred which has led him to denounce all party organization and conduct his last campaign as 'the man without a party.'

CARDINAL D. SVAMPA.

Famous Italian Churchman Noted for His Religious Zeal and Hatred of King of Italy.

One of the most powerful members of the college of cardinals is Archbishop Svampa of Bologna, Italy. He is the youngest of all the Italian cardinals



CARDINAL D. SVAMPA. (Archbishop of Bologna and a Power in the Catholic Church.)

whose names have been in the papers lately in connection with the papacy. His age is 52 years, and he was created a cardinal in 1894. Svampa long ago that era, long gone by, when the papal prerogative that the pope should take the first place among the secular princes of Italy. He avoids the present king on every possible occasion, as he did the late lamented father, Emmanuel, and the king's grandfather, whom he positively hated. Some superstitious Italian cardinals supported Svampa's candidacy because of a very curious prophecy led to his nomination as pope. There is a prophecy dating from the twelfth century, according to which Rome would in time see a line of popes indicated by certain symbols. The 'Svampare' denotes 'fame,' and therefore it was believed that the prophecy pointed to Svampa, and that in time his light would be sure to shine in the papal sky. Cardinal Svampa is a very large, rather coarse-looking man, and in striking contrast to the late pope, the most spiritual pontiff who has ruled these many years.

Cats to Fight Prairie Dogs. Ranchers in Montana are importing cats from Minnesota, to kill prairie dogs.

So far the experiment has been successful. On one ranch, 200 miles east of Butte, there are nearly 300 cats, and each cat kills an average of two prairie dogs every day.

Leaves Two Yards Long. France is 'boss of the bakery' in the production of large loaves of bread. Some of the French loaves are six feet long.

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What He Puts In

"Pickens is interested in many enterprises, isn't he?"

"Whatever put that notion into your head?"

"Why, he told me that, while he had no separate business of his own, he was constantly putting money into the business of others."

"Humph. I knew he was industriously putting something into other people's business, but I thought it was his nose."—Kansas City Journal.

Pleased Him.

"I think we might give Bridget a dollar more a week," said the family man.

"What?" exclaimed his wife, "I set her to work cleaning the parlor to-day, and you should see the way she left it."

"I did. That's what influenced me. I noticed she fixed the piano with the keyboard close up against the wall."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

The Ingratitude of Republics.

"Elect me to this office, my fellow citizens," said the political candidate, "and I will pledge myself to ask for no further favors at your hands. I—"

"Huh!" interrupted a scoffer in one of the front seats, "you think you can get it all at one grab, do you?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Wholly Impossible.

"Didn't you tell me yesterday that you had a wife and three small children?" asked the benevolent looking man.

"Mister," responded Meandering Mike, "if I had a wife and three children, don't you spose I'd put 'em to work instead o' goin' out dis way myself?"—Washington Star.

The Retort Crushing.

Lord Tuffnut—You have nothing to grumble at whatever; you were a rich American girl, I an impoverished English nobleman, with a proud title. You bought me with your wealth. I was what you would simply call in shopping, a bargain!

Lady Tuffnut—Pardon me! Not a bargain—a remnant.—N. Y. News.

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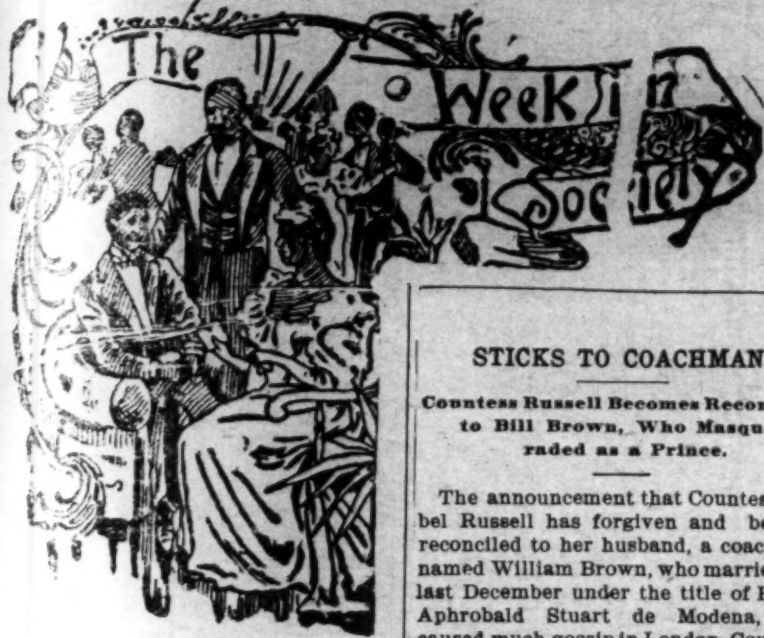
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STICKS TO COACHMAN.

Countess Russell Becomes Reconciled to Bill Brown, Who Masqueraded as a Prince.

The announcement that Countess Mabel Russell has forgiven and become reconciled to her husband, a coachman named William Brown, who married her last December under the title of Prince Aphrodisias Stuart de Modena, has caused much gossip in London. Countess Russell, at the time of Brown's conviction for making a false entry in the marriage entry, said she would have nothing more to do with him, and that she would try to secure a divorce. Now, however, she says that, although he wronged her, she will stick to him. She claims she will not lose her title by her marriage.

Few women in British society have been more discussed than the countess. By a curious irony of fate, she bears the title which was held for half a century by the remarkable woman who, first as the wife and then the widow of the statesman affectionately known to the British people as "Lord John Russell," held a position almost unique in society, her home, Pembroke Lodge, Richmond Park, having been visited by



COUNTRESS RUSSELL. (True to Her Coachman Lover, But Still an Aristocrat.)

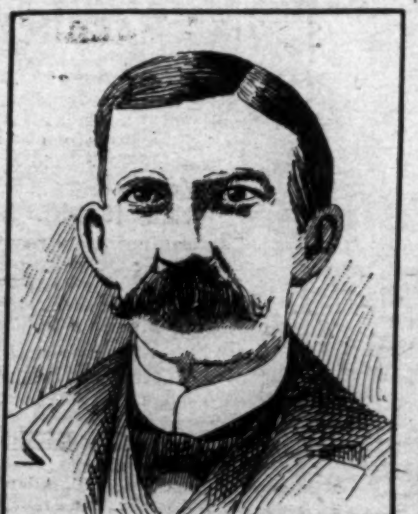
most of the distinguished men and women of the Victorian era.

The countess, notwithstanding her youth, has had a variegated career. She was the wife of Earl Russell, from whom she obtained a divorce on the ground that he had contracted a bigamous marriage with Molly Somerville, at Reno Nev. On his return to England the earl was tried for bigamy, was convicted and spent three months in jail. The countess has been quite successful on the stage.

PERSONA NON GRATA.

W. A. Miller, Assistant Foreman in Government Book Bindery, Still on Deck.

W. A. Miller, the employee of the government printing office whose discharge has been demanded by the unions, and whom President Roosevelt declines to



W. A. MILLER. (Government Employee Who is Not Popular with Labor Leaders.)

dismissal, has had no direct charges preferred against him beyond the fact that he is no longer a union man. The authorities of the printing office suspended Miller, but the president ordered him reinstated. Miller's official position is assistant foreman of the bookbinding department. He was suspended from this post for the same reason that he was expelled from the Bookbinders' union, but the officials of that organization refuse to make public their charges except to the civil service commission.



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J. L. NEAD CYCLE CO., Chicago, Ill.

Miss Maria L. Jordan left Sunday night for California.

Miss Minnie Lucas left the city Sunday night for California.

Mr. Andrew Payne of Pierce, Place N. W., keeps quite sick.

Mr. Henry Ricks will leave the city Sunday for Lower Cedar Point.

Miss Lulu Prater will leave the city in a few days for Harrisburg, Pa.

Misses Charlotte and Maud Stewart have returned from Hampton, Va.

Dr. Phil. B. Brooks who has been away for some time has returned.

Miss Mamie Burrell left the city Saturday for Philadelphia and Newport.

Misses Lenora and Mary Randolph will leave in a few days for Richmond, Va.

Mrs. Craigwell and daughters spent Friday at Francis cottage, Highland Beach.

Miss L. Estelle Jackson is now in Atlantic city the guest of Mrs. Lillian Brooks.

Mrs. Bruce and daughter Mattie returned from Poconian Springs, Va., Saturday.

Prosecuting attorney H. L. Barnef, of Chicago, Ill., is in the city. He is looking well.

Mrs. Mamie Sabbs is spending the month of August in Arlington, Va., with relatives.

Mr. H. W. Tanner and children will leave the city latter part of August for Rochester, Pa.

Attorney James A. Cobb left the city last week for Niagara Falls. He will be gone two weeks.

Miss Rachel Guy has returned from Boston and left the city Wednesday for Highland Beach.

Mrs. Abbie Martin and left the city Tuesday morning for Lower Cedar Point to remain until Sept.

Mr. W. H. Brown of Chicago, who has been visiting this city for several days, returned home Wednesday.

Rev. Walter H. Brooks who has been to Denver, Col., received a fine reception while there. He has returned.

Miss Helen Adams is in the city the guest of Mrs. Fountain. She will appear in a concert next Wednesday night at the 19th St. Baptist church.

Messrs W. C. Martin and W. H. Lewis of the District bar were in Philadelphia this week on legal business before the Sub. committee of the G. U. O. of O. F.

Mrs. Sophia Williams of Baltimore, Md. and Miss Florence Gaskins of Philadelphia, Pa. were in the city last week sight seeing. A Tea was tendered there by Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Stewart at their residence. Among those present were Messrs: Clarence and Wesley Joenson, Robert Smith, Dr. Bundy, Mr. and Mrs. Lowery, Misses Holmes, and many others. They left on the 9:45 train for Baltimore. Miss Gaskins will remain in Baltimore till Monday after which she will go to Cape May where she will remain until Sept. Mrs. Williams is as genial and pleasant as she was in her schoolhood days.

Reformed.

Mrs. Mahoele-Shure, thot "Uncle Tom's Cabin" made a good boy out of me Mickey.

Mrs. O'Toole—O'm glad to hear thot.

"Yes, ut gave him a tinder heart. Phoy, wud yez blave ut, wbin he cum out av th' gallery he troid to murder six kids that laffed wbin 'Little Eva' doled."—Chicago Daily News.

Didn't Take Away His Appetite. Damocles continued to eat heartily. "That suspended sword doesn't seem to affect your appetite," observed Dionysius.

"No," replied his guest; "it's nothing to having a board bill hanging over you."

Tucking his napkin under his chin he attacked the hash with renewed zest.—N. Y. Tribune.

His Awful Predilection.

First Russian Nobleman—Great Scottovich! What is the matterskoff with the archbishopski? He seems to be having a fitovitch!

Second Russian Nobleman—Oh, the Grand Dukeiski Ivan Alexandervich Kutmynoseoff is about to marry the second daughter of the Grand Duchess Andabulosia of Schinkenburgh-Katzenblatter, the Duchess Anastasia Venna Pauline Celestia; and the clergyman, who stammerskoff, has got several of the names stuck crosswise over in his throatski.—Smart Set.

City Items.

Rev. P. A. Wallace of the Metropolitan A. M. E. Zion Church was suddenly called to Jersey city last Thursday to the bedside of his sick brother William who died early Friday morning. Rev. Wallace accompanied the body to his home in Tenn., Sunday evening.

The last will and testament of Mrs. Emma A. Carroll who departed this life July 25, 1903, was filed for probate Monday last. She leaves her entire estate to her husband and three sons and five nieces. Mr. W. F. Carroll, the Executor, has through his attorney, W. C. Martin filed petition probate of the will.

Attorney W. L. Pollard, who has been visiting the New England States and other points of interest, returned to the city on Monday after three weeks absence, greatly improved and benefited by his trip.

JUSTLY ACQUITTED.

Miss Maud Trotter was acquitted of the charge of assaulting an officer at the Booker Washington Meeting. The Bee extends congratulations.

Commissioner, West on Leave.

Commissioner H. L. West has left the city on a two weeks vacation. He will on his return begin a thorough overhauling of the department of which he has charge.

THE PURITY ICE CO.

One of the most enterprising men in this city is Mr. J. E. McGaw, President and Manager of the Purity Ice Company. It is very important that we should use pure ice. Nothing is more disagreeable to the taste than impure ice water. Bad ice will give the ice cooler a bad smell. The Purity Ice Company that manufactures its own ice knows just what kind of water its ice is made from, hence it is impossible for those who use this ice to be made sick from impure ice. If this public is in need of Coal and Wood, McGaw is the man to see. You may give your orders to him now for your winter coal. Don't fail to call and see him at once.

The McKinley House

489 MISSOURI AVE. N. W.
Elegant Furnished Rooms 50c and \$1.00 and upward per day. Meals at all hours. Hot and Cold Baths.
MR. HAYES & Son, Prop's.
Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Hourly Passenger Train Service between Washington and Baltimore
From New Jersey Ave., and C St., "every hour on the hour" 7:00 a. m. to 8 p. m. Returning, from Baltimore in like manner.

Bay Ridge Season.

Open June 13. Liberal concessions on Sunday Schools, Societies, and Organizations. Fordats and terms apply to S. B. Hege, District Passenger Agent, B. & O. R. R. 707 15th St. J.

PEOPLE'S New Dairy Lunch

308 12th Street, N. W.
BILL OF FARE.
Drip Coffee.....3 cts
Tea.....3 cts
Milk.....3 cts
Pie.....3 cts
Soup of all kinds.....3 cts
Sandwiches.....3 cts
Cocoa.....5 cts
Baked Beans.....5 cts
Frankfort Sausage.....5 cts
Fried Liver.....5 cts
Fried Onions.....5 cts
Fried Bacon.....5 cts
Beef Stew.....5 cts
Fried Potatoes.....5 cts
Country Sausage.....5 cts
Milk Toast.....10 cts
Steak.....10 cts
Ham and Eggs.....15 cts
Fried Chicken.....10, 15 and 25 cts
Cigars—all popular brands
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All kinds of Soft Drinks

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New Saloon

1310 Penn. Ave., and E St. N. W.

All leading brands of Whiskies. Braddock, Wilson, Old Taylor, Paul Jones, Overholt, Congress Hall formerly 15 cents, will be sold for 10 cents over the counter.

J. H. MONTGOMERY, Proprietor, J. 14 t.

American Leather the Best.

American kid leathers are growing in favor abroad, especially in Australia. Recently one of the largest morocco manufacturers in Lynn, Mass., made a shipment to that country of 5,000 dozen skins, which shipment is said to be the largest ever made from there for foreign parts. It is not so very long ago when the best kid shoes were made from shoes imported from France. Now France is buying large quantities of kid from this country.

PETER GROGAN.

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During July and August our store closes at 5 p. m. Saturdays at 1 p. m.

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EASY PAYMENTS.

You are always welcome here to everything you may need in the way of FURNITURE and HOUSEFURNISHINGS, and on the easiest of weekly payments arrange to suit your convenience. Refrigerators and Ice Chests in all sizes, and at lowest department store prices. Dangle Blue flame Stoves, for your Summer Cooking. Best grade of Chinese and Japanese Matting; also Oilcloth and Lion-lemons—all Tacked Down Free. Folding Beds—also Brass and Enamelled Iron Bedsteads—at all prices. Help Your Self ON CREDIT.

Peter Grogan,

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Between H and I Sts.

LEGAL NOTICE.

Thos. L. Jones, Attorney.
Supreme Court of the District of Columbia.
Holding a Probate Court.
No 11,622, administration.
This is to give notice.
That the subscriber of the District of Columbia has obtained from the Probate court of the District of Columbia letters of administration on the estate of Thomas Eastman late of the District of Columbia deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with vouchers thereon legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 15th day of August, A. D. 1904; otherwise they may be excluded from all benefit of said estate.
Given under my hand this 11th day of August 1904.
Carrie Eastman, 231 Cat. S. W.
Attest: John R. Rouzer,
Deputy Register of Wills for the District of Columbia. Clerk of the Probate court.

BARGAINS

Good 6 room house bath, cellar, 10 foot alley, T street northwest between 14th and 15th. lot 16 x 100, houses in good condition; owner will sell for \$500 less than asked for surrounding property. Price \$3,050, \$300 cash, balance \$20 per month.
Third and Elm street near V two neat 6 room and bath, pressed bricks, good lots, will sell at very close price with \$100 as first payment and \$20 per month for balance.
M street near 23rd, 6 room pressed brick, bath, cellar, etc, in good condition, \$3,500. \$200 cash, and \$25 per month will make it yours.

John C. Keelan,

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Real Estate
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245 Elm St., N. W.

WANTED At this office, a good printer. Address The Bee 1109 I St., Northwest.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

MOST WORSHIPFUL EUREKA GRAND

Lodge of F. & A. Ancient York Masons in and for the District of Columbia on the Continent of North America.

Prince Hall (compact) has just closed a long and important session and starts out very favorable for the new year. Visiting brothers are respectfully requested to call on the Grand Master, Col. R. D. Goodman 974 4th street n.w. for information about the craft. Please bring financial card of your Lodge.
J. E. Williams, M. D.
M. J. W. Grand Sect.
106 F St., S. W.

To whom it may concern:—I hereby give notice that on and after July 15, 1903, I will not be responsible for any obligations entered into, or debts which may be contracted by my wife, Sarah Robertson, now residing at 829 New Hampshire Avenue, Northwest, and all persons are hereby warned that on and after said date I will pay no bills or debts which she may contract.
Samuel A. Robertson,
505 D Street, N. W.,
Washington, D. C.

ROOM FOR RENT IN PRIVATE FAMILY.

Four Elegant Furnished Rooms, all modern improvements, including bath, gas, heat, speaking tubes, etc., and use of parlors. Will rent to one or more to gentleman or man and wife. The rooms can be made single or en suite, centrally located, convenient to all car lines. Persons renting now may procure the same at the moderate summer prices.

MRS. THOMPSON,
204 Ward Place, N. W.

Precept and Example.

The small boy seemed to be deeply interested in the picture.
"Pop," he said at last, "when we went rowin' last summer you used to tell me never to stand up in the boat."
"That's right, my son."
"An' you're always tellin' me to take George Washin'ton as a model."
"You could have no better, my son."
"Well, just look at him crossin' the Delaware."—Chicago Post.

An Indication of What Happened.
"Sis is engaged to that feller that calls every night," announced the boy.

"How do you know?" they asked.
"Cause she doesn't powder her face any more when he's coming," answered the observing youngster.—Chicago Post.

KHEDIVE OF EGYPT.

Although an Orthodox Mohammedan He is a Monogamist of the Strictest Type.

Abbas Pasha Hilmi, khedive of Egypt, has been in London on a short visit, going there from Paris incognito. During his stay in London no entertainments of an official character were given in his honor, but he had an audience with King Edward.

This is the third visit of the khedive to London, his last one being in 1900, when he was received at Windsor by Queen Victoria, whose guest he was for two or three days.

The khedive, who was born on July 14, 1874, has a pleasant face without being exactly handsome. He is short and rather inclined to be stout. His face is full and round, with a fair complexion.



THE KHEDIVE OF EGYPT.
(Mohammedan Potentate Who Believes in Western Civilization.)

lon, bronzed by much out-of-door exercise. His eyes are light hazel, and impart a great charm to his face.

His father, the Khedive Tewfik, having English tastes, provided English nurses for his children, and intrusted the education of his two sons, Abbas and Mehmet, to English tutors until the former was 12 years old.

It was Tewfik's wish that the princes should be educated in England, but owing to political difficulties he was never able to carry out his intention. The two young princes were therefore sent to Vienna, first touring through Europe to Rome, Paris and London.

Early in 1892, when a youth of 17, the sudden death of his father called Abbas to the throne of Egypt from the gay and irresponsible life of a Viennese student. His time had not, however, been wasted.

Abbas II. has shown himself an excellent administrator and an accomplished linguist, speaking fluently English, French, German, Italian, Turkish and Arabic. During his stay in Vienna Emperor Francis Joseph took a great interest in his education, and had him specially initiated in a soldier's training.

While most particular regarding the etiquette and formality due to his rank, Abbas II. cares nothing for the pomp and ceremonial of state. He is fond of a quiet life at home, and is devoted to his wife and children. He is a strict monogamist, as his father was before him.

At Koubbeh palace he lives the life of an English country gentleman. He is a keen sportsman, a great rider, and devoted to dogs. His stables contain horses of every breed. The kennels and poultry houses have been stocked from every land.

Besides being a good sportsman, Abbas is a great admirer of cricket and football, games which he has introduced among his tenantry.

In his camel stables there are nearly 200 camels. The khedive is always trying to encourage his subjects to give attention to camel-breeding, for the prosperity of Egypt largely depends on the camel.

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Chance to Join a Club That Will Make and Save Money for You.
Everybody should join the Mutual Literary Music Club of America. There is nothing else like it anywhere. It costs almost nothing to join and the purchase books and periodicals, music and musical instruments at special cut prices. It secures reduced rates at many hotels. It answers questions free of charge. It offers scholarships and valuable prizes to its members. In addition, every member receives the official magazine entitled "LITERARY MUSIC" published in a class by value many times over. Full particulars will be sent free of charge, but if you are wise you will send in your request for membership with the proper fee at once. The fee is three months membership offer will soon change. Write at once enclosing your letter and enclosing \$1.00 for full year's membership or five dollars for three months to
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Ladies' 14k. Solid Gold Watches, \$20; sold elsewhere; \$25
Ladies' Solid Gold Rings, \$1, \$1.50, \$2.50 and \$3.50; worth twice the price.
Ladies' Genuine Diamond Rings, \$5 up to \$100; all of them gems.
Ladies' Solid Gold Lorgnettes, \$7 up to \$16; all the latest styles.
Ladies' Solid Gold Brooches, \$2.50 up to \$25.
Gents' Solid Gold Dumb-bell Sleeve buttons, \$3.50; a useful present.
Gents' 14k. Gold-filled Chains, \$2.00 warranted for five years' wear.
Gents' Diamond Sleeve Buttons, \$5 up; a little gem in each button.
Gents' Diamond Studs, \$7.50 up.
Gents' Solid Gold Rings, with genuine stones, from \$4 up.
Solid Silver Thimbles, 25c.
Solid Silver Teaspoons, from \$4.00 hal dozen up.
Ladies' Silver Watches, \$4 and \$5

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